

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor



At the left is Simon Cameron, one of the first political powers against whom Governor Pennypacker pitted his fortune. At the right is Robert G. Ingersoll, mentioned frequently in the autobiography.

CHAPTER VII (Continued)

IN 1880 Charles S. Wolfe ran as an independent candidate for the State Treasury and polled about forty thousand votes, having the support of the more radical of our constituency. In 1881 David B. Oliver, the selection of the stalwarts for United States Senator, failed, and, instead, John I. Mitchell, of Tioga, was elected. This result was due in large part to the energy and efforts of Barker and was a temporary success for the "Half-breeds," whom the death of Garfield had deprived of control. In 1882 came the election of a Governor. It became known that Mr. Cameron and the stalwarts had determined upon the nomination of General James A. Beaver, a lawyer and soldier, who had lost a leg during the war. Our committee sent out an address to the people urging the members of the party to go to the primaries and decide for themselves through their delegates who should be the nominee.

Barker called a meeting at his office, which was attended by Senator Mitchell, Charles S. Wolfe, Henry C. Lea, Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Press, who had come in the movement; Francis B. Reeves, George E. Mapes, Howard M. Jenkins, Lockwood, Henry Reed, Barker, Perot and myself, representatives of every phase of independent thought. The speeches ran the gamut from my own conservatism to the radicalism of Lea, who declared his purpose to oppose any ticket, no matter how good, which might be nominated by the "bosses." Finally, under the advice of Mitchell, it was determined that a committee of five, to be appointed by him, should give the stalwarts an opportunity for a conference if they so desired. The members of this committee were Charles S. Wolfe, I. D. McKee, Francis B. Reeves, Senator J. W. Lee and Wharton Barker. On a day selected they met at the Continental Hotel M. S. Quay, Thomas V. Cooper, Christopher Magee, John F. Hartranft, Thomas Cochran and J. Howard Reeder. The independents presented a demand in the nature of an ultimatum that the slated candidates be withdrawn, the convention be postponed and that delegates be elected by a popular vote. This was not acceded to, and the war went on. Beaver was nominated in the regular convention and John Stewart by the independents, and the result was that after an earnest and somewhat bitter struggle Robert E. Pattison, a Democrat from the office of Lewis C. Cassidy in Philadelphia, who had been Controller of the city, was elected Governor. In the Twenty-ninth Ward, where I lived and where the usual Republican majority was about 2000, I was nominated for the Assembly by the Independent Republicans, was endorsed by the Democrats, by the Committee of One Hundred, by the temperance people, by the Liquor Men's League and was supported by editorials in all of the newspapers of the city, which pointed out to the citizens the exceptional opportunity they had to secure an intelligent and upright representative. Nevertheless, it rang to me a little

hollow when I found among my earnest advocates Samuel Josephs, a sleek Democratic politician of a type none too savory, and all of the brewers who had their plants in the western part of the ward. Fortunately, my opponent, a shrewd and capable little shoemaker named James E. Romig, beat me by a majority of 403. I won his eternal good will by writing him a letter of congratulation, which gave him a novel experience. Henry Reed had his appetite whetted by these experiences and he went again to the Presidential Convention of 1884. His great-grandfather, Joseph Reed, had been adjutant general of the Continental Army. He was a nice, lovely, literary gentleman of overrefined tastes, who skimmed the surface of life like a butterfly and never comprehended its depths. He married a niece of John Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and lost her fortune. He became a judge of Court of Common Pleas No. 3 and found the world too rough and crude for him. All men were fond of him and he died early. In Chicago he met a Hoosier and tried to convert him.

"Who are you for, anyway?" inquired the delegate, who was inclined to be profane. "Benjamin Harrison," answered Reed. "Ben Harrison, oh, hell!" said the Hoosier. "Why, suppose we nominate Ben Harrison, and then you meet a fellow and he says to you: 'Ben Harrison is a very nice kind of a man,' and you say to him, 'Yes, Ben Harrison is a very nice kind of a man,' that's all there's to it. But suppose we nominate Jim Blaine. Then you meet a man and he says to you, 'Jim Blaine, he's a God damned thief; you up and say to him, 'You're a God damned liar.' Then there is something in it."

The Anonymous Address

In this campaign I prepared a paper giving reasons why the independents should support the nomination of Blaine, and we succeeded in having it signed by most of the men of representative character, among them Barker, Wolfe, Mitchell, Blankenburg, Lewis Emery, Jr., Perot and others, but excluding MacVeagh and Lea, in every county in the State and published. Had the same sentiment prevailed and the same activity been displayed in New York Blaine would have been elected. At this time I had some correspondence with a young man there who took the same view, named Theodore Roosevelt. As upon many other occasions, the people of Pennsylvania showed that they had a keener perception of what was likely to prove helpful to the needs of the country than the Conkings and Curtises of New York, and when we look back and see how near we came, thirty years before the opening of the Panama Canal, to losing, through dullness of comprehension, the Sandwich Islands, the key to the Pacific, we can appreciate the risks we ran in the defeat of Blaine. In a more narrow and personal point of view in his defeat the "Half-breeds" lost the chance of control of the party as they had before through the assassination of Garfield.

Without knowing who was the author of the address, the Inquirer said that it was "admirable in tone and conclusive in argument"; the Bulletin said that it "showed much clearness and ability"; the Times said that it was "one of the most important documents that had been contributed to the campaign"; the New York Times said that "they make a very clear use of the reputation they got," and the Springfield Republican, ever sneering, supercilious and mistaken, said that "it gauges the profundity of the Pennsylvania mind."

The address commented upon over the country and producing an effect in an important national contest is here inserted:

July 11, 1884. The undersigned Republicans of Pennsylvania, relying for the proof of the earnestness of their convictions upon acts of independence, which in 1881 and in 1882 received the support of 50,000 voters, venture to present considerations to those Republicans of other States who may be in doubt as to their duty with reference to the nominations made by the National Convention.

In order that the views of those who advocate the right of separate and independent political action should have weight with their fellow men, it is important that this right should only be invoked in cases of well-ascertained necessity. They who take an interest in watching the political field become wearied with the cry of "wolf," if it be uttered lightly or with too much frequency. The greatest wrong of which the independents have had in the past to complain has been the use of the party machinery in such a way as to thwart the wishes of the people. Time and again has the public preference been set aside by men who were able to manipulate conventions and to utilize the various devices known to the skilled politician. The independents of Pennsylvania have felt that they could justify their action in opposing a nomination even for so high an office as that of Governor of the State, if able to show plainly that it was the outcome of the schemes of the few successful at the expense of the many. To a great extent this wrong has been remedied, and very largely through their exertions. By the overthrow of the unit rule and the establishment of district representation, it became possible to hold a National Convention that was representative in the true sense. The expression of the will of the members of the Republican party, and they were enabled to express their will because of the exertions of the independents, has resulted in the nomination of Mr. Blaine.

It cannot be gainsaid that Mr. Blaine is the choice of the masses of the dominant party in the United States, and that the late convention, better than most of its predecessors, gave heed to the demands of its constituents. It is an evidence of the

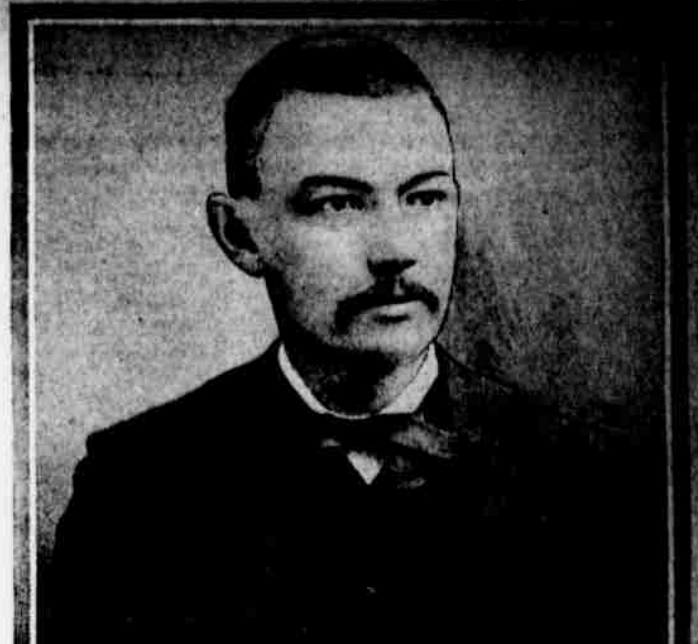


Two men prominent in Republican politics during Governor Pennypacker's early career were General John F. Hartranft, one time Governor of Pennsylvania (left), and Charles A. Porter (right).

personal strength of Mr. Blaine that his support came from the farthest East and the farthest West, from Iowa, with her agriculturists, and from Pennsylvania, with her manufacturers—and in these widely separated localities, with their diverse interests, was exceptionally earnest and enthusiastic. To oppose his election would then seem to be an attack upon the results of independent work. It would seem to be an acceptance of the theory against which he has been contending, that the few are more entitled to consideration than the many, and to differ from the principle and practice of the machine men mainly in respect to the personality of the individuals who participate in the effort. It assumes a very assailable, if not an indefensible, position in that it enables opponents to charge that independents are never content unless their own preferences as to candidates have been successful. Such an opposition would not only be difficult to defend upon theory, but would, we conceive, be most disastrous in its results, since it involves the proposition of surrendering the control of the country to the Democracy, a party which has been on the wrong side of every important question settled in the most eventful period of American history, and which has to look back to the time of Jackson for its achievements, to the time of Jefferson for its virtues. The annals of human affairs show no instance of reformers relying for support of their measures upon an organization which has exhibited such extreme conservatism.

Even if it be true that Mr. Blaine has not been a pronounced advocate of "civil service reform," that cause has, in our judgment, far more to hope from the Republican party, which has embodied the principle in its platform, than from the Democrats, who are avowedly hostile to it, who dismissed to private life its Democratic sponsor in the Senate, and who are eagerly awaiting a distribution of partisan rewards. We believe, further, that it would be more reasonable to expect support for this measure from a man with the vigor and intelligence of Mr. Blaine than from any nominee of the Democrats, who, if he should be elected and make an effort in its favor, would have the whole strength of his party used against him.

Nor would such an opposition be justified by the fact that charges are made against Mr. Blaine which those who make them say affect his personal integrity. That he must be defended may, perhaps, be a good argument against a nomination, but it certainly has no relevancy at this time. If it should be once established that a man ought not to be elected to the Presidency because accusations have been made against him, the ablest men would be always excluded. In the heat of contests these accusations spring up and luxuriate. They are like the parasitic plants that cover an oak, but live on air and need no roots. It should not be forgotten that these charges have been met by the State of Maine, which has since elected him to the Senate; by Garfield, who made him Secretary of State, and by the great party which has chosen him for the Presidency. Every presumption is in favor of a man who has been so trusted, and to have weight it is not enough that such charges should be made, they must be conclusively proven.



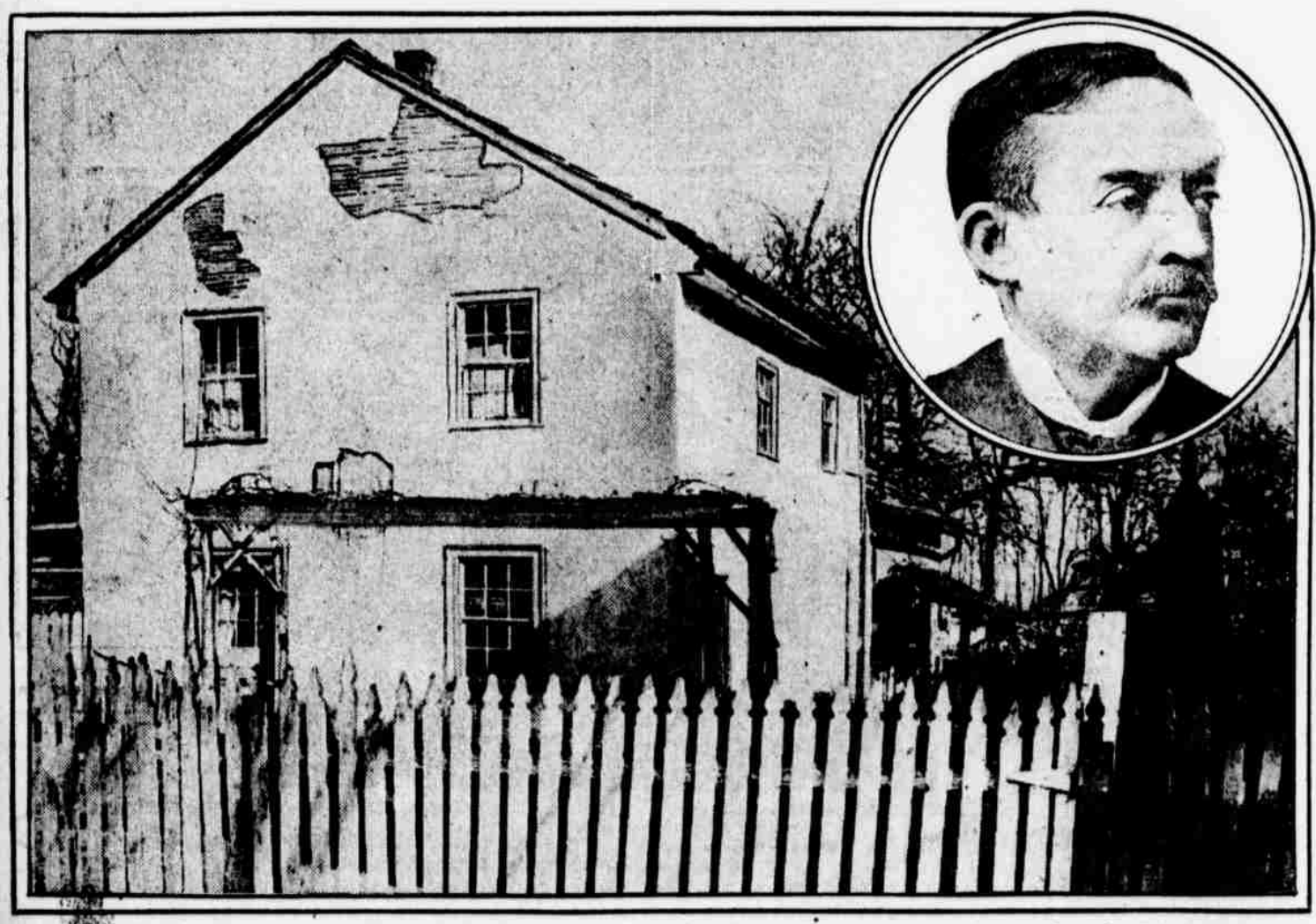
This photograph of Governor Pennypacker was taken in 1886, shortly after he was appointed to the Board of Education.

If the "Jingoism" of Mr. Blaine means no more than is asserted in the Fall Mail Gazette, which says: "But wherever he can he will out us from the position we hold; wherever an opportunity offers he will use it to the uttermost to replace our influence and trade by the influence and trade of the United States, and he will regard it as his chief object to promote a great American Confederacy under the aegis of the Government at Washington, which would tend to increase the export trade of the United States at the expense of Great Britain," that epithet, borrowed from English politics, will have no terrors for an American.

To him who says that he cannot support Mr. Blaine because of conscience, there is nothing to be answered, since he stands upon a ground beyond the reach of argument. He assumes, however, a great responsibility, and we ask him to take good heed as to his steps. We suggest to him that there may be a merit in the self-discipline which permits the people to have their own way, because even if our lives be cleaner and our judgments better than theirs, there is still a possibility that our information is incorrect or our conclusions from it erroneous. We appeal to him, if he live in Massachusetts, not to mistake for conscience the resentment he may feel for sharp words spoken years ago and which broad-minded men have forgotten, and if he live in New York that he see to it that his conscience does not conceal his approval of certain English views upon the subject of political economy. We in Pennsylvania see no reason to strike at so distinguished and able a Republican. We perceive no merit and no wisdom in hurrying into an alliance which necessarily includes the most corrupt element in American politics. We decline to form a league with men who always opposed the measures we held to be of the most importance, who now reject the reforms which we regard as essential and who still cling to those means of stifling minorities which Republicans have discarded as unworthy. We feel that whether or not Mr. Blaine was our choice for the nomination, his election will best serve the interests of the people and that to defeat him would be to aid in the restoration of "machine" methods, and to intrust with general power a party which has given every evidence of inability to exercise it in such a way as to promote the common welfare.

In 1885 I was appointed by the Board of Judges a member of the Board of Public Education for the city of Philadelphia, representing the Twenty-ninth Ward. The appointment was due to the intervention of Judge David Newlin Fell, who then and ever since has been a close and helpful friend. Edward T. Steel, a successful Market street merchant and one of my associates in the effort to improve political conditions, was the president of the board. He had recently brought on from the West and made superintendent of the schools James MacAlister, a small, thin, homely and intelligent Scotchman, who was in the midst of a struggle to introduce certain important changes, possibly improvements, in both methods and curriculum. Encountering many difficulties and obstacles, accompanied with some criticism, as all men do who take hold of the problems of life with earnestness, he a few years later withdrew to take charge of the Drexel Institute. Alongside of Steel and MacAlister stood James Pollock, born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and the owner of a carpet mill in Kensington, and shares in banks and trust companies. Short in stature, natty in appearance and scrupulously clean, with hair closely curled and parted in the middle, the first impression is that of a dandy. After meeting him, however, you soon discovered that you are against a proposition. You probably conclude ere long that you never discovered more "sand" to the square inch of surface. He has developed into a bon vivant, and no one is better known at the dinners of the Five o'Clock and Clover Clubs. His speeches are witty to the point of acridity, and many a man of extended fame has gone down before him in confusion. Set over against these idealists were a number of members who believed in the multiplication table and the alphabet and in learning to spell by putting letters together, who had faith in things as they were and had been when they, as children, went to school. Their leader was Simon Gratz, of a Jewish family long established in Philadelphia, slight in physique, even to emaciation, and one of the cleverest and most astute of men. He had had long experience in this work and knew its details and the legislation affecting it better than any other person connected with it. Indefatigable, inexorable, intelligent and suave, there were few who cared to enter into controversies with him. He was likewise one of the Board of Revision of Taxes and, therefore, brought into relations with the Judges, a member of the council of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and he has one of the most important collections of autographs in the country, which only a very few selected persons have ever been permitted to see.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



Matthew Stanley Quay, for years United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was Governor Pennypacker's cousin and political preceptor. Quay, shown in the insert, was born in this modest house at Dillsburg, Pa.

RAINBOW'S END By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset," A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros. CHAPTER XXVIII (Continued) IT SO happened that the President and well-nigh the entire Provisional Cabinet were in Cuba. Leslie and Norine went directly to the former. The supreme official was eager to oblige in every way the guest of his Government and her darddevil countryman, El Demonio. He promptly sent for the Minister of Justice, who in turn gallantly put himself at Norine's disposal. He declared that, although he had never performed the marriage ceremony he would gladly try his hand at it. In no time the news had spread and there was subdued excitement throughout the camp. When Norine left headquarters she was the target of smiles and friendly greetings. Women nodded and chattered at her, raised soldiers swept her salutes with their jipi-japa hats, children clung to her and caressed by her side. It was vastly embarrassing, this shameless publicity, but it was touching, too, for there was genuine affection and good-will behind every smile. Norine was between tears and laughter when she ran panting into Esteban's cabin, leaving Branch to wait outside.

promised to wear them, come rain or shine. "Norine! Oh, my dear—" quavered the sick man. "I can't let you do this mad thing. Think! I'm ready for the grave—" "This will make you well. We're going away when the very next expedition arrives." But still Varona protested. "No, no! Who am I? I have nothing to offer, nothing to give. I'm poorer than a peon." "Thank goodness, I can do all the giving! I've never told you, Esteban, but I'm quite rich. Holding the man away, she smiled into his eyes. "Yes, richer than I have any right to be. I had no need to come to Cuba; it was just the whim of an irresponsible, spoiled young woman. I gave a huge amount of money to the New York Junta, and that's why I was allowed to come." "You're not a—trained nurse?" "Oh, dear, no! Except when it amuses me to pretend." The invalid was dazed, but after a moment he shook his head. "It is hard to say this, but I don't know whether you really love me or whether your great heart has been touched. You have learned my feelings, and perhaps think in this way to make me well. Is that it?" "No, no! I'm thoroughly selfish and must have what I want. I want you. So don't let's argue about it." Norine tenderly enveloped the weak figure in her arms. "You must, you shall get well—or I shall die, too." "I haven't the strength to refuse," Esteban murmured. "And yet how can I leave Cuba? What right have I to accept happiness and leave Rosa—" "This was a subject which Norine dreaded, a question to which she knew no answer. She was not in a mood to discuss it, and made no attempt to do so. Instead, she laid the invalid upon his pillow, saying: "Leslie is waiting to wish you joy, and a quick recovery. May I ask him in?" She stepped to the door, only to behold her late companion making off down the village street in great haste and evident excitement. Surprised, offended, she checked her impulse to call him back. A moment, then she stepped out into the full sunlight

and stared after him, for she saw that which explained his desertion. Approaching between the drunken rows of grass hills was a little knot of people. Even as Norine watched it grew into a considerable crowd, for men and women and children came hurrying from their tasks. There were three figures in the lead, a man and two boys, and they walked slowly, ploddingly, as if weary from a long march. The Reunion Norine decided that they were not villagers, but ragged pacifists, upon the verge of exhaustion. She saw Branch break into a swifter run and heard him shout something, then through eyes suddenly dimmed she watched him fall upon the tallest of the three strangers and embrace him. The crowd grew thicker. It surrounded them. "Esteban!" Norine cried in a voice she scarcely recognized. She retreated into the doorway, with one hand upon her heaving heart. "Esteban! Look! Some one has just arrived. Leslie has gone—" She cleared her vision with a shake of her head and her tongue grew thick with excitement. "They are coming—here! Yes! It's—It's O'Reilly!" Young Varona struggled from his hammock. "Rosa!" he called, loudly. "Rosa!" Norine ran and caught him or he would have fallen prone. He pawed and fumbled in a weak attempt to free himself from her restraining arms; a wildness was upon him; he shook as if with palsy. "Did he bring her answer to me?" she here. "Why don't you answer me?" Rosa—"He began to utter unintelligible, his vitality flared up, and it was with difficulty that Norine could hold him down. His gaze, fixed upon the square of sunlight framed by the low doorway, was blinding with excitement. To Norine it seemed as if his spirit, in the uncertainty of this moment, was straining to leap forth in an effort to learn his master's fate. The crowd was near at hand now. There came the scuffling of feet and murmur of many voices. Esteban fell silent. He closed his hot, brown hands upon Norine's wrists in a painful grip. He bent forward, his soul centered in his tortured eyes.

"There came a shadow, then in the doorway the figure of a man, a tattered crowd of a man whose feet were bare and whose brown calves were exposed through flapping rags. His breast was naked where thorns had tried to stay him; his beard, even his hair, were matted, and unkempt, and the mud of many trails lay caked upon his garments. He peered, blinking, into the obscurity, then he turned and drew forward a frail hunched boy whose face was almost a mulatto hue. Hand in hand they stepped into the hut and once again Esteban Varona's soul found outlet in his sister's name. He held out his shaking, hungry arms and the misshapen lad ran into them, dumb with amazement, blind with tears. Norine found herself staring upward into O'Reilly's face, and heard him saying: "I told you I would bring her home." The next instant she lay upon his breast and sobbed with joy and weeping. CHAPTER XXIX WHAT HAPPENED AT SUNDOWN THE story of Rosa's rescue came slowly and in fragments, for the news of O'Reilly's return caused a sensation. His recital was interrupted many times by numerous and so noisy did the diversions become that Norine, fearing for the welfare of her patient, banished the visitors and bore him and Branch off to her own cabin, leaving the brother and sister alone in the privacy of Norine's quarters. He was well-nigh worn out, but his two friends would not respect his weariness; they were half hysterical with joy at his safety, treating him like one returned from the dead; so he rambled disjointedly through his tale. He told them of his hazardous trip westward, of his and Jacket's entrance into Matanzas and of the distressing scenes they witnessed there. When he had finished the account of his dramatic meeting with Rosa the hearers' eyes were wet. The recital of the escape held them breathless.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)